1297

THE KISS DEAR MAID.

And has she then fail'd

The Boys of Kilkenny.

Come to the Bower.

FAIR JENNY.

BANKS OF GREE.

ROY'S WIFE.

Glasgow,—Printed for the Booksellers.

THE KISS, DEAR MAID.

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left
Shall never part from mine.
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see;
The tear that from thine eyelid streams,
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest,
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale,
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot shew,
And silent ache for thee.

AND HAS SHE THEN FAIL'D.

And has she then fail'd in her truth,
The beautiful maid I adore?
Shall I never again hear her voice,
Nor see her lov'd form any more?
No, no, no, I shall never see her more.

Ah, Selima! cruel you prove,
Yet sure my hard lot you'll bewail;
I could not presume you would love,
Yet pity, I hop'd, would prevail.

And since Hatred alone I inspire,
Life henceforth is not worth my care;
Death now is my only desire,
I give myself up to despair.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh! the boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend their money free,
And of all towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me.
Fal de ral, &c.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream

In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the same,
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in cream.
Fal de ral, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,
Which through my poor bosom have burnt a big hole;
Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear and pure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure.
Fal de ral, &c.

Kilkenny's a pretty town and shines where it stands,
And the more I think on it, the more my heart warms;
For if I was in Kilkenny I'd think myself at home,
For it's there I get sweethearts, but here I get none.
Fal de ral, &c.

COME TO THE BOWER.

Will you come to the bow'r I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses, bespangled with dew.
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Come to the bower?

There under a bow'r on roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Smile, my beloved?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Kiss me, my love?

And oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew,
Or languishing roses, or kisses from you.
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Wont you, my love?

FAIR JENNY.

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?

Where is the piece that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our vallies,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known,
All that has caus'd this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow;
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

BANKS OF CREE.

Here is the glen, and here the bower;
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bells has told the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice, I hear—
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and tis love.

And art thou come, and art thou true,
O welcome, dear to love and me,
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

ROY'S WIFE.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?
Roy's wife, &c.

She vow'd she swore she would be mine,
She said she lov'd me best of ony;
But ah! the fause the fickle quean,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair's sae fair, her een's sae clear,

Her wee bit mou's sae sweet and bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

But O, she was a canty quean,
And weel could dance the Highland wallo
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife, &c.

FINIS.